

THE ACADEMY.  
February 6, 1909

GEORGE MEREDITH—POET

# THE ACADEMY

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## "SCORPIO." By J. A. CHALONER

"He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A fount sight for a philosopher—  
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—  
That gem-bedeizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,  
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!  
His votareesses doth Mammon there array,  
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;  
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,  
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;  
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;  
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—  
Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.  
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!  
But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *sour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-flaying. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

ONE of our correspondents, a Mr. Beard, asks us what is our authority for stating that our Lord and His disciples ate meat, and where we find the sanction given by the New Testament to killing animals. In reply, we refer him to the sixth chapter of St. Mark, where he will find the account of the miracle of the five loaves and the two fishes; also to the eighth chapter of St. Mark, where is recounted the second miracle of loaves and fishes. In both these cases our Lord distributed fishes killed for food to His disciples and apostles, and presumably partook of them Himself. Again, in the twenty-first chapter of St. John, in verses 12 and 13, he will find the words: "Jesus said unto them, come and dine. . . . Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread and giveth them, and fish likewise." Again, in the fourteenth chapter of St. Mark, in the twelfth verse, the words occur: "And the first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover, his disciples said unto him, Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that thou mayest eat the passover?" (The italics are ours.) The reference, of course, is to the lamb which was killed and eaten at the feast of the Passover according to Jewish Law. Again, in the Acts of the Apostles, in the tenth chapter, in verses 10 to 13, there is a most direct and sweeping reply to those who pretend that the teaching of Christianity is opposed to killing animals of all kinds for food. The verses mentioned record the vision of St. Peter, and the "sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth": "Wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat." These extracts should be sufficient to convince any reasonable being that our Lord did not prohibit or reprehend the practice of killing animals for food.

On the question of the morality of field sports, we are, of course, on less sure ground. We do not claim that there is sanction for them to be found in the New Testament, and we expressly

qualified our approval of them last week by stating that, in our opinion, they would probably be avoided by high saints. But we can, at any rate, say that they are nowhere prohibited, and, consequently, we are at liberty to believe, taking into consideration the sanction to kill animals for food, and the fact that animals killed in field sports are either used for food or killed in self-protection on account of their destructiveness (as in the case of the fox), that it is not unlawful or wrong to indulge in the said field sports. We quite admit that this is a matter of opinion, and we have every respect for a man who has a genuine love of field sports, and yet refrains from them because he thinks them wrong. Our experience, however, inclines us to believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who fulminate against field sports are people who are either incapable of indulging in them, or who, having lost the power to enjoy them, proceed to make a virtue of necessity. We do not for a moment suggest that our correspondent, Mr. Forbes, is one of these persons, and when he says that taking life for mere sport is brutalising and degrading, we are distinctly inclined to agree with him. For instance, we strongly disapprove of pigeon shooting from traps, but, of course, such pigeon shooting is not a field sport, and those who go in for it are usually not real sportsmen.

It has been observed that actors off the stage are too prone to resemble fish out of water. Of course, there are brilliant exceptions, but Mr. Forbes Robertson is not one of them. At an "At Home" given by the Women's Social and Political Union at the Queen's Hall on Monday, he distinguished himself by making some of the most foolish and drivelling remarks which have ever proceeded even from the mouth of a male Suffragette. He said that "he felt it to be utterly impossible for him to say anything new, or put any fresh light on this great vital reform, but he felt it to be his duty to make a public statement of his faith." Why, being in this state of dumb incoherence on the subject at issue, he should have felt it necessary to make a confession of faith is not clear. Later on Mr. Forbes Robertson remarked that "although much had been written, and well written, in favour of the suffrage for women, nothing had been written against it." This is about the most astonishing statement that we have had the pleasure of reading for some time, in view of the enormous mass of writing on the subject which has appeared in various papers, books, and pamphlets during the past two years.

We will not say anything about our own humble remarks in THE ACADEMY, still less shall we allude to the well-known and frequently-expressed opinions on the subject of the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*; but considering that only a week or two ago Professor Dicey published a long, able, and exhaustive enquiry into the Women's Suffrage question in the *Quarterly Review*, the conclusions of which were overwhelmingly against it, and that scarcely a reputable paper, and no single man or woman of intellectual weight, in England has been found to support the movement, Mr. Forbes Robertson's statement is one which it is difficult to characterise in terms of politeness. Mr. Forbes Robertson is a good actor in certain parts, although the memory of his performance as Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet" is a never-ending nightmare. But if he is unable to talk more sensibly than he did last Monday, we should strongly advise him in his own interest to confine himself to the com-

parative obscurity of the stage limelight. Mr. Forbes Robertson said, among other things, that "he could quite understand man's objection to 'Votes for Women.' They did not like giving up their thrones. At one time of his life he did not like giving up his throne, but, thank heaven, he had lived that failing down." In view of the fact that Mr. Forbes Robertson never possessed a throne of any kind, we can quite understand his lavish generosity in the matter of giving them away. What Mr. Forbes Robertson fails to see is that, while indulging in this kind of bleating, the only thing he is giving away is himself.

The current issue of *Vanity Fair* has given us a great deal of pleasure. A poem by Mr. Aleister Crowley is deprived of that gentleman's signature, if not of his usual "poetical" characteristics. And, thank goodness, there is not a single "comment by Frank Harris." In the following sparkling review, however, we seem to recognise the noble Harris touch:

POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY, 1909 (110th Edition).—Although for many years past the Post Office London Directory has been bound in two volumes, this form of publication was so little in demand that it was obvious that the convenience of having all the information within two covers exceeded the discomfort of excessive bulk. With a view to consulting the convenience of the majority of their customers, the publishers have increased the width of the pages by adding another column, thereby reducing the number of pages of the complete volume (with county suburbs) to 3,440, while not curtailing any of the contents of the various divisions. No addition having been made to its height, the Directory can still occupy its accustomed place on the bookshelf. The publishers have been reluctant to alter the old familiar form in which the Directory has appeared for so many years, but the change is one that must commend itself to every user of this admirable publication. Messrs. Kelly have been publishing the London Directory for nearly a century, and it would be difficult to suggest an improvement.

This is a fine piece of writing, and, furthermore, it will be noticed that in the whole paragraph Anarchy is not so much as hinted at, while the fact that *The Bomb* is still in its second edition is skilfully suppressed. We are glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Harris on his artistic reticence. On the other hand, we have Mr. Edwin Pugh in an article called "The Silence of Women," delivering himself as follows:

All women of experience in their hearts think of men as beasts, as silly, helpless beasts; for there is this peculiarity in the nature of even the best women that their love for a man can exist side by side with a feeling that is akin to contempt for him.

It is characteristic of a paper which is infected with the mania of Suffragitis to give publicity to such mawkish opinions. Mr. Pugh can speak for himself. The feeling that women have for male Suffragettes is no kind of criterion of the feeling they have for normal men. In the ignorance it reveals of the real psychology of woman the sentence we have quoted is worthy of Mr. Shaw or his friend the "Sheeny," whose views of life, regarded from the "Old Clo'" standpoint, have recently been reported at quite unnecessary length in the *Evening Standard*.

In the *Author* Miss Cecily Sidgwick ventilates one of those innumerable small grievances of authorship which, taken together, render the lot of the average worker with the pen less enviable than that of a dustman. It seems that Miss Sidgwick wrote a novel called "The Inner Shrine," and that in 1900 it was published in volume form by Messrs. Harper.

Accounts relating to its sales have passed between Miss Sidgwick and Messrs. Harper ever since, and the book is now out of print. Messrs. Harper, however, are publishing in their magazine a novel called "The Inner Shrine," by a new author; and Miss Sidgwick is informed, not only that she has no redress, but that if her novel, "The Inner Shrine," comes out in a cheap reprint she will have to find a new title. It seems a little remarkable that Messrs. Harper should be involved in such a matter. Of course, there is no copyright in titles, and it would be quite competent for any author or publisher to christen twenty novels "The Inner Shrine" if they were so minded. We think that the law on the subject would bear revision. At the same time, duplication of title really occurs but seldom, for the very simple reason that the booksellers are not in love with new books which bear old titles. We believe that Miss Sidgwick is misinformed as to her rights in the title of "The Inner Shrine" for a cheap edition of the book. If she desires to bring out a cheap edition we should advise her to publish it under her original title and leave Messrs. Harper to get an injunction against her if they could. The fact that a book is out of print does not destroy an author's equity rights in everything that appertains to it. For example, it does not destroy his interest in the copyright, and we will never believe that it will ever destroy his indubitable right to the use of the title. Of course, Messrs. Harper may well have used "The Inner Shrine" as a title by inadvertence. But now that the affair has presumably been brought to their notice we hope that they will request their new author to find a fresh title, and leave Miss Sidgwick in possession of what is morally her own. Or perhaps they will arrange with her for the purchase of the title.

We note that the amusing Mr. Shorter has been lifting up his voice once more about matters which he is determined never to understand. He asserts in the *Sphere* that there is no lack of poetry in England just now, and that Mr. J. M. Barrie is a poet, because he has written "Peter Pan." We have always understood that Mr. Barrie was a fairy, but doubtless Mr. Shorter knows better than Dr. Robertson Nicoll. We suppose that if Mr. Shorter were asked to make a list of living poets it would turn out as follows:

J. M. Barrie.  
J. M. Bulloch.  
W. R. Nicoll (author of Sunday Afternoon Verses).  
William Heinemann ("the famous publisher").  
Max Pemberton.  
O. O. O. (late V. V. V.)  
Sidney Pawling (cricketer).  
— Webster (of "The Methuens.")

A man with a poet on his hearthstone ought to know better. Mr. Shorter is undoubtedly the most amiable person in Europe, and the fact that he should allow the little critical faculty he possesses to be utterly swamped by his desire to speak soft nothings about everybody is creditable to his heart, if not to his head.

Here are the headlines of the front page of a London hapenny morning paper: "Tariff Reform means no Navy cheeseparings"; "Juggling with the Navy—Serious Position Created by the Cabinet—Budget 'Economy'—Two-Power Standard in Danger"; "Anarchists' Victims—Criminal's Rights"; "Voluntary Martyrs to Science"; "Bride Drugged and Robbed—Honeymoon Drama in a London Hotel—Husband's Flight—Jewellery and Money Stolen"; "10,000 Men out of Work—Feud Between Railways and Colliery



Owners—War of the Wagons"; "Rubbish Worth a Fortune—Deserted Mine to be Worked for Radium"; "Why Women Drink"; "No Room for Wobblers"; "Miniature General Election." What a world!

The Incorporated Society of Authors has a distinguished President in the person of Mr. George Meredith. It also boasts a council consisting of such men as Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Pinero. There are various committees and sub-committees, all of them composed of practical literary persons. Furthermore, the *Author*, a journal published by the Society, is a great stickler for authors' rights and a great censor of publishers' methods. And on the cover of the current issue we find the following advertisements:

**MSS.** Authors should forward MSS. of any description (Novels, Stories, Poems, Essays, &c.) direct to Mr. —, who will immediately advise, free of charge, as to its publication.

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We wonder what Mr. Meredith and Mr. Kipling think about this species of advertisement. Of the gentleman who advertises for MSS. we have already said our say in these columns. Of the publications of the firm of the hundred-and-one receipts for breezy writing we may shortly express some opinions. Then we learn from the same issue of the *Author* that Mr. William Archer undertakes to criticise, read and advise about plays entrusted to a firm of agents, for fees ranging from thirty shillings to two-pounds-ten. And "if, in addition to the opinion, the author should desire a personal interview with Mr. Archer a further fee of two guineas will be charged." Here again we have a neat little arrangement, the which, we take it, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Kipling and Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Mr. Gosse and Mr. Pinero heartily approve. For ourselves, we heartily disapprove. But so long as the Authors' Society continues to lend itself to such departments of enterprise, so long must it remain the laughing-stock of people who know what authorship means. We cannot conceive that Mr. Meredith reads the *Author's* advertisements.

We understand that Mrs. E. Grant Richards is editing a paper called *The Englishwoman*. And we understand that *The Englishwoman* is more or less of a suffragist organ, and that Mrs. Richards herself desires the vote. We can well believe it.

## HUSH—ON THIS ONE EVENING

HUSH—on this one evening, of this, my February,  
While the moon is hanging and the night-star gleams,  
Listen, for the courtship of all the earth's beginning,  
Night will close with passion and end with endless  
dreams.

In the thousand copses muffled birds are stirring,  
Last year's wings are passing, last year's hearts are  
fledged;

In a bower of bare twigs waits a breathless robin,  
Waits her scarlet master, songless, secret-hedged.

There're no buds about her, but the sap is stirring  
Thro' the miles of hedgerows like a hidden fire,  
Down the lane a great bee swooning with the twilight  
Seeks a budding primrose in which to wake desire.

Love, on this one evening, of this, my February,  
While the moon is hanging and the night star gleams,  
Listen, for the courtship of all the earth's beginning,  
Night will close with passion and end with endless  
dreams.

## COFFIN-SIDE VERSES

WHILE Mr. Massingham has been away delivering lectures on journalism at the University of Dublin his paper has continued to distinguish itself. Last Saturday it reviewed a batch of poets under the caption of "A Mixed Quire." It reviewed the "tousy tyke's" blasphemous "Testament" with that kindly touch for which the *Nation* will some day perhaps become notorious. It assures us that the kind of creed which the "tousy tyke" holds is of small moment compared with the kind of poetry which he makes out of it. We believe in poetry, and we believe that a poet's creed is of small moment—to the world—compared with the kind of poetry which he makes out of it. But we believe, further, that if a poet's creed is a foul creed, and he sets himself deliberately to endeavour to make poetry out of it, his poetry will suffer. We believe that the "tousy tyke's" creed is a foul material creed, and that his poetry has suffered accordingly, and we believe also that when the *Nation* describes the "tousy tyke's" "Testament" as a "noble and stirring poem" it fails in its duty to whatever public it may happen to possess. The "tousy tyke's" "Testament" is an ignoble and stupid poem if ever there was one, and it seems to us a thousand pities that money honestly earned in cocoa by a benevolent, God-fearing Quaker should be expended on the purchase of writing which is intended to cram that poem down the throat of "Liberalism." Of course, taken in the main, the *Nation's* notice of the "tousy tyke's" "Testament" is an unfavourable notice, and, in a sense, it is calculated to acquaint the reader with what he may expect if he purchases the book. At the same time, it does not really so acquaint him and it leaves him to discover the impertinent silliness and rank blasphemies of this "noble and stirring poem" for himself. We do not expect such reviewing from the roller-top desk and fountain pen of Nonconformity. In the *Freethinker* the *Nation's* review might have shone; in the *Nation* it is so much furtive compromise. The reviewer is

careful not to quote, and we are open to mark for Mr. Massingham lengthy passages in the "tousy tyke's" booklet which he simply dare not quote with approval; and which he dare not approve even without quoting. It is all very well to call the "tousy tyke" a "monist," which is a nice soft adaptation from the Greek, and to assert with the same breath that he has made a noble and stirring poem out of his monism. We should have imagined that the *Nation* would be aware that there are occasions when it is necessary to say "spade" when you mean "spade"; but possibly it is afraid of the "tousy tyke's" rapier, and it would rather induce Nonconformity to gasp over indifferent prose and monotonous blank verse which might have done duty in the *Freethinker* than run the risk of the "tousy tyke's" displeasure. Further on in its wonderful article the *Nation* offers us the following quaint notice:

Recently Mr. Frederic Harrison has drawn attention to an elegy, in the form of a sonnet-sequence, called "Thysia." It is a husband's lamentation for the death of his wife, and is unquestionably a fine poem. The sonnets are on the Shakespearean model, and sometimes end with an Alexandrine, which is, we think, a mistake; otherwise they show little trace of the amateur. We hardly believe, indeed, that the anonymous author is an amateur, so unerringly does he achieve that pinnacle of poetic art, simplicity. In every one of the sonnets grief is expressed with almost intolerable directness, a grief not mixed with desperation, but with a noble faith and courage. Mr. Harrison speaks of some of these poems as having been composed in the very presence of the coffin, which, we hope, is no more than a figure of speech. But in whatever manner they were composed, they are wonderful moving poetry. We may almost say of them that their sorrow has made "sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self." Such pure, unaffected music, made out of such a terrible affliction, will surely not be "alms for oblivion."

It seems to us somewhat extraordinary that the *Nation* should base its review of a little book of verses so diffidently upon an opinion expressed by Mr. Frederic Harrison, whom we suppose nobody would have the temerity to charge with being a critic of poetry. However, we live and learn, and it seems that, as Mr. Harrison has drawn attention to "Thysia," "Thysia" is "unquestionably a fine poem." Furthermore, the anonymous poet is not an amateur, and, according to the *Nation*, he achieves unerringly that pinnacle of poetic art, simplicity. And the *Nation* may almost say of the sonnets that their sorrow has made sorrow more beautiful than beauty itself. They are also pure, unaffected music. We happen ourselves to have looked into this same "Thysia." It is a thin booklet of forty-six pages, and, as the *Nation* very truly observes, "it is a husband's lamentation for the death of his wife." As there is neither credit nor discredit in a husband's lamentations for such a bereavement we must consider "Thysia" from the standpoint of poetry. However much we may sympathise with a human creature's loss, the bare fact that he has suffered a loss which has been common to very large numbers of husbands must not be allowed to send us off into pæans about his poetry. For our own part, if we had been reviewing "Thysia" in the ordinary course and in the absence of the puffs of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the *Nation* we should have dismissed it as a sonnet-sequence of no particular moment to anybody but the author and his friends. There is nothing universal about it in the poetical sense, and, in spite of the very proper faith and devotion to which it gives expression, it contains nothing which has not been before expressed, and better expressed, in other poetry. The *Nation's* claim for it that it is a fine poem, and that it unerringly achieves the pinnacle of poetic art, is so much fudge. By chance, we take Sonnet nineteen from its place in the sheaf:

I would not live without you in high heaven,  
And therefore on this dreary earth I keep  
All that was yours around me still: the riven  
Comb, when you fell, and were too brave to weep,  
The mantle with the crimson stain—ah, me!  
The folded pile of daily clothes, so dear,  
So sacred; and within the glass I see  
The faded flowers that watched beside your bier;  
And there upon the floor the one poor glove,  
And there the little shoes, dearest of all,  
One by the faltering foot worn through above,  
And over this my silent tears still fall,  
And ere I leave the room with weary brain  
I lingering turn to look at it again.

And here is Sonnet number ten:

Alone I wander back at early morn,  
Back to the city drear, from death to death,  
Back to the little home I left forlorn,  
Where no life is, nor one that lingereth.  
I watch within your silent room once more;  
Without, the dead leaf shivers in the blast.  
Your broken comb, your gloves are on the floor,  
The cold clouds see them, and they shudder past;  
Startled they look upon the empty bed,  
The vacant chair, the couch left desolate,  
The dying flowers that saw you lying dead,  
And me, who bow beneath my sorrow's weight,  
Who only hear that bell's sad monotone—  
"Alone, alone, for evermore alone."

While one may indulge every respect for this kind of writing as sentiment, one certainly ought not to imagine that it is "fine" poetry or that it "achieves the pinnacle of poetic art." We say that there are lines in these sonnets which border perilously on the somebody's darling order of verse. And at the risk of being called callous and brutal we shall assert that the somebody's darling kind of verse, although very touching and very tearful, is not fine poetry and does not achieve the pinnacle of poetic art. The author of "Thysia" wraps himself round with anonymity. Even the photogravure picture of his late wife's grave does not help us to his name; but it helps us surely and unerringly to his mind, which, with all respect to his sufferings, is not the mind of a fine poet. Our animadversions are not for this mind at all, but for the *Nation*, which, in setting up "Thysia" as a fine poem, even at the behest of Mr. Frederic Harrison, oversteps scandalously the limits of what is tolerable from a critical journal.

Mr. Massingham must look to his reviewer. The proper appraisal of poetry is almost as difficult a work as the actual writing of it. Of course, "experts" in journalism are really contemptuous of poetry. They deal with it in their reviews in pretty much the same manner as they deal with "gardening," and "motoring," and "finance," and "Bridge." The difference is, of course, that if one's contributors get wrong about finance or about Bridge it is a serious affair, whereas if they go wrong about poetry nobody cares.

### "T. P." THE MONOPOLIST

LIFE is a gentle progressing from illusion to illusion. To-day we believe, to-morrow we no longer believe. The bubble which delighted us and imbued us with childlike faith and hope succumbs before the needle, or of its own lack of substance, and we are left desolate. It would not be right of us to assert that we have laboured under many illusions as to a certain Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., an impudent Irishman, who edits *M. A. P.* and *T. P.'s Weekly*. His journalistic vagaries have never astonished us, and in good times and bad we have known him for pretty well what he is worth. Over his Literary Help Column in *T. P.'s Weekly* we have had occasion to reprove him in good set paragraphs, and last week we dealt at length with



his fine new Correspondence College, which is to lend a helping hand to the poor and the needy and the ambitious—on terms. To our strictures Mr. O'Connor very naturally makes no reply; the reason being that he is in no position to reply, at any rate with advantage to himself. He will doubtless cause it to be known among his friends that his silence is a worthy and noble affair, and that he is one of those mighty intellects who is not to be deterred from benevolent and altruistic courses by mere criticism. The only power, indeed, that could abate or divert "T. P." is failure. When he met failure in the shape of his deceased property, *P. T. O.*, he was deterred from publishing that paper any more. We do not say that there is anything wicked in this; we mention it rather in order to indicate that "T. P." is what we have always supposed him to be—namely, a man whom nothing but failure will stop. There are men in the world for whom failure is without terrors. But "T. P." is not of them. And, for the purpose of insuring the success of the aforesaid T. P.'s Correspondence College, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has had recourse to a most brilliant and compelling idea. Great men do have ideas occasionally, and "T. P.'s" idea in the matter of the Correspondence College is simply epoch-making. It amounts to this: T. P.'s Correspondence College is to be advertised in at least one other journal besides *T. P.'s Weekly*—that other journal being none other than the *British Weekly*. We have been told at some length how the "idea" of T. P.'s Correspondence College flashed across Mr. O'Connor's mammoth Hibernian intellect when he was at supper or otherwise beautifully engaged. But as to the origin of this later and more wonderful and exclusive idea of advertising in a neighbourly way with Dr. Robertson Nicoll we are as yet without information. Probably "T. P." thought of it at breakfast and cried "Eureka!" in the excellent accent of Athlone. Some day perhaps we shall know all about it. Meanwhile, the sufficing fact is with us: that is to say, the idea is there in all its glittering gaudiness; or, in other words, "No matter, he's got it." The inevitable result is that we are able to read in the current issue of our *British Weekly* the following Socratic enquiries:

Do you feel the need of a helping hand?  
Have you learnt the art of Thinking and Reasoning?  
Can you express your thoughts on paper and in good English?  
Do you wish that you had been taught at school to speak and write fluently in simple French?  
Are you handicapped for lack of Business Training?  
Have you the necessary initiative, and do you know how to specialise and to qualify for advancement?

Of course, everybody who reads the *British Weekly* needs a helping hand, and everybody who reads the *British Weekly* wishes that he had been taught at school to speak and write fluently in simple French. And particularly does everybody who reads the *British Weekly* desire to learn the art of thinking and reasoning. So that the "replies" to "T. P.'s" advertisement will be fairly numerous, and, as a result, "T. P." will, of a surety, reap a golden harvest of silver, as one might say in Athlone.

Having given Mr. T. P. O'Connor a further free advertisement, we shall now endeavour, as it were, to plant a tiny seed of love in the garden of his heart. "T. P." is a great and powerful "literary" gentleman and a Member of Parliament to boot. What is more, he is a Liberal Member of Parliament and an Irishman. It is "T. P." too, who has the large intellect and the wonderful gift to hit upon new ideas like Correspondence Colleges and half-page advertisements in the *British Weekly*. This being so, he should be, in a measure, above all smallness and pettiness, whether of method or intention. He should hold fiercely and loyally to that great principle of Liberalism,

"Live and let live," and to that excellent Liberal shibboleth, "Down with monopoly!" We hope that he is so holding; though the facts, so far as we have been able to discover them, point rather to the contrary. It seems that there were Correspondence Colleges long before "T. P." was taken with his brilliant idea. And it seems, too, that some of these Correspondence Colleges were actually advertised in *T. P.'s Weekly*. One of them, at any rate, has been advertised in *T. P.'s Weekly* for some years past, and on writing for further space the proprietor of this college has received the following letter:

5, Tavistock Street, London.

January, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours (*sic*) of the 23rd inst., I have to say that T. P.'s Weekly Correspondence College has placed a large advertising contract with *T. P.'s Weekly*, one of the conditions of which is that we are not able to accept competitive advertisements until it expires.

Yours faithfully,

W. GRIERSON,

Manager.

From which elegant piece of English it is obvious that in making his arrangements for advertising in his own paper Mr. O'Connor has had a careful eye for the squeezing out of all rivals in the correspondence line. And we may conclude from his caution in the matter that he has been reading the life of Mr. Rockefeller, whose commercial motto appears to be "Waltz right in yourself and be careful to smash the little men." Well, Mr. O'Connor has a perfect right to do as he wills with his own. If the advertisement of the "rival" Correspondence College in question is no longer of use to him he is legally right to turn it out. And he is legally right to use *T. P.'s Weekly* for the advertising of his own particular venture in the same department of enterprise. At the same time, we should hold that by so doing he goes as far as it is possible for him to go towards the creation of a monopoly; and we have always understood that monopolies were peculiarly repellant to the Liberal mind. The Correspondence College, which is thus deprived of its advertisement in *T. P.'s Weekly*, has, singularly enough, however, had a similar experience with the *British Weekly*. On January 21st the Secretary of the College wrote to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton as follows:

DEAR SIR,—I received a visit this morning from your representative, Mr. Smith, who informed me that he was instructed by you to say that no further advertisements from me could be inserted in the *British Weekly*. . . . Being an old advertiser in your columns, I would be obliged if you would extend to me the courtesy of an explanation of your reasons for the step you have decided to take towards me.

Yours faithfully,

And on January 22nd Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton replied in the following terms:

DEAR MR. — We are in receipt of your letter, and are afraid there must be some little misunderstanding. We asked Mr. Smith to call and explain that as we had accepted a big contract for T. P.'s Correspondence College, we could not, as a consequence, accept other advertisements of Courses of a similar or competitive nature. We certainly never intended for one moment that you should have the impression that no further advertisements of yours could be inserted in the *British Weekly*.

Yours very faithfully,

HODDER & STOUGHTON.

This is your excellent publishing firm all over. There has been a misunderstanding. We cannot continue your advertisement because we have just accepted a big contract from T. P.'s Correspondence College, but far be it from us to say that we will have no further advertisements from you. T. P.'s Correspondence College may "bust" or it may cease to adver-

tise with us, in which case, of course, we shall be glad to accept the favours of our old advertisers! Meanwhile, please do not be deceived. Apart from the admirable attitude of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, which, as the simplest will recognise, is an entirely beautiful, gracious and benevolent attitude, it is quite evident that in the case of the *British Weekly* again Mr. T. P. O'Connor has remembered the advisability of monopoly. Although Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton do not say so, we may take it that one of the conditions of their "big contract" for advertising T. P.'s Correspondence College is that other Correspondence Colleges, offering similar courses, must be turned out of the *British Weekly*. Depend upon it Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are not stopping the advertisements of an old customer out of politeness or kindness to T. P. O'Connor, but simply out of what they consider to be commercial necessity. We are not at all surprised that *T.P.'s Weekly* should have taken up the line of monopoly, because *T.P.'s Weekly* is capable of pretty well any course of conduct that will bring it a safe shilling. But that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who are the proprietors of the *British Weekly*, and the employers of that pious Christian gentleman, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, should accept a big contract on the condition that the little advertiser in the same department should be ruthlessly swept away, appears to us somewhat more than a joke. Parliament will be meeting very shortly. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, we presume, will be in his place as usual. He sits on the Liberal side of the House as representative of one of the divisions of Liverpool. Perhaps on some evening when there "is little doing" he will favour the House with his views about monopoly. Perhaps he will explain upon what grounds of high principle and noble morality it is necessary that in newspapers where T. P.'s Correspondence College is advertised no other Correspondence College, howsoever old-established or howsoever competently conducted, should be allowed to enter its modest appeal. We do not approve particularly of Correspondence Colleges no matter who runs them. We have refused the advertisements of more than one such college, and if "T. P." were to offer us a thousand pounds a page for advertising his literary course we should refuse him. We are of opinion that the *British Weekly* ought to have refused him. And that the least they could have done would have been to reject his impertinent condition with regard to other advertisers. Meanwhile other advertisers in the *British Weekly* should take note of the affair, and endeavour not to live in fear and trembling of what will happen to them when the next genial, highly-cultivated, highly-moral, keenly-commercial Liberal comes along with some money. We suppose that even the *British Weekly's* pathetic advertisement about "The Broken-hearted; Addicted to Inebriety—apply now for Terms!" will have to go by the board the moment the "big contract" is toward. And it seems only yesterday that Dr. Robertson Nicoll was in Edinburgh assuring the booksellers of the grey metropolis that there were no unscrupulous journals in England.

### GEORGE MEREDITH—POET

"LANGUAGE," said Walter Savage Landor, under the guise of Demosthenes, "is part of a man's character," and the statement forms a convenient touchstone for preliminary judgment of a novelist or a poet. A writer stands or falls, from a literary point of view, as his choice of language is good or bad, suitable or unsuitable. The finest story, the most exalted idea, may be irretrievably weakened and spoiled by too poor or too rich a setting. The jewel's

the thing; but if the jewel be unfairly mounted, either held shakily in paltry metal or overwhelmed by distracting gold, its charm is imperilled instead of becoming intensified, and the beholder remains unmoved.

Especially does this analogy hold with regard to poetry. Dependent for its expression and influence upon the selection and arrangement of language, it might be described broadly as emotion and feeling indissolubly wedded to art: the art alone—a poem manufactured—sometimes beautiful, but of little worth, the emotion inexpressible and incommunicable without the golden word. We can easily observe to-day the reaction from the time when prolixity was considered an almost indispensable attribute of a "great" poem; we know now that as a rule the setting dwarfed the jewel, that the multiplicity of words was often disproportionate to the idea enshrined—certain famous epics, of course, forming exceptions. The fashion of pouring out rhymed couplets in prodigious numbers—as did Pope, Swift, Gay, and other satirical versifiers of the Caroline period—possesses little fascination for the poets of the present age; the tendency is quite in the contrary direction, to the crystallisation of a tiny thought in words as nearly perfect as possible. We may be anything but tedious. Between these two styles come a few—a very few—poets, whose work is neither diffuse nor heartlessly dainty, who are neither careless nor fastidious, yet for whom their glorious calling takes precedence of riches or adulation; and therefore the better part is theirs—honour. Among these the name of Mr. George Meredith must be placed.

It is a particular pleasure to discuss Mr. Meredith's poems, for this reason—that although his fame has reached to the ends of the earth as a novelist and poet among those who believe that "man needs must love the highest when he sees it," we cannot call to mind a single phrase of his which has become stale or hackneyed. He gives us no familiar, mellifluous lines such as Tennyson left in abundance, some of which misguided pedagogues used to quote as exercises for parsing in the school grammar-books of twenty-five years ago: "I steal by lawns and grassy plots"; "Tears, idle tears"; "It is the miller's daughter"; nor does any well-known couplet leap to the mind when he is mentioned. When the name of Browning chances upon an evening's talk, one present will find echoing in his brain, "Oh, to be in England, Now that April's here"; another, perhaps, will think of the song from "Pippa Passes"; to a third will come, "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead," or "Hamelin Town's in Brunswick." But Mr. Meredith has suffered little at the hands of intrusive anthologists, and that fact should cause us heartily to give thanks; for in his best lyrical work there is an essence so rare and so entrancing that we dare assert confidently no other poet has imprisoned the like in simple, sometimes almost ordinary, language. Take for a first example the little-known "Marian":

She can be as wise as we,  
And wiser when she wishes;  
She can knit with cunning wit,  
And dress the homely dishes.  
She can flourish staff or pen,  
And deal a wound that lingers;  
She can talk the talk of men,  
And touch with thrilling fingers. . . .  
Such a she who'll match with me?  
In flying or pursuing,  
Subtle wiles are in her smiles  
To set the world a-wooing.  
She is steadfast as a star,  
And yet the maddest maiden;  
She can wage a gallant war  
And give the peace of Eden.



In two or three of the poems this peculiar charm is due, in a large measure, to the special and at first baffling rhythm with which the author evidently fell in love, so happily does he manage it—and it is a rhythm which has to be “managed” carefully in reading, or the beauty of it is completely lost. We may illustrate its effect by two stanzas from “Love in the Valley”:

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green sward,  
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,  
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,  
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.  
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,  
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,  
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me;  
Then would she hold me and never let me go? . . .

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers  
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,  
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,  
Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.  
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens  
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.  
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;  
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

To hear a grave voice reading this poem slowly—not sadly—is to experience a new thrill in the mere accent of the verses; but the reader must be a cautious one, acquainted with his subject. To enter into the question of the technique of the poem does not come within the scope of this article, but it may be noted that a person reading it for the first time will invariably slur the fourth verse (“Lies my young love sleeping in the shade”), accenting only the syllables, “Lies,” “sleep,” and “shade.” The more pleasing stress, as he reads on, he discovers to be:

Lies my | young love | sleeping in the | shade,

making of the words “young love” *almost* a spondee. The whole poem, with its stateliness, purity, and serenity, is a sheer delight.

The beauty of “Phœbus with Admetus” depends, too, a great deal upon the exceptional measure, to which must be added the unexpected effect of the reiterated four-line refrain:

God! of whom music  
And song and blood are pure,  
The day is never darkened  
That had thee here obscure.

And while we are treating of the group of nature-poems, it is impossible to omit giving one more extract, this time from the admirable “Melampus”:

With love exceeding a simple love of the things  
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;  
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings  
From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck;  
Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball;  
Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook,  
The good physician Melampus, loving them all,  
Among them walked, as a scholar who reads a book.

Having differed in our previous article from those who hold that Mr. Meredith wrote fiction mainly to expound any particular philosophy—a man may be a philosopher and allow himself the luxury of philosophical digressions without promulgating a thesis—we must admit that to the poems he does impart a considerable amount of his personal convictions, quite naturally; indeed, it is almost inconceivable that such should not be the case, since a man who wrote nothing but purely narrative or descriptive poems would fail entirely to justify his divine right to the title of poet; whether he essayed lyric, sonnet, or ballad he could rise not much higher than an accomplished rhymster.

And at a second point we find coincidence with other critics; there appears, time after time, a similarity to the poetry of Robert Browning. The same brusque, vivid manner is there, and, we fear we must add, occasionally the same elusiveness of meaning. Many have said, and will continue to say, that the “difficulty” of the two poets (which must be acknowledged to exist) is analagous; but it may be traced, we think, to different and entirely separable causes. Mr. Meredith is as careful of his language as the prophets of their sacred fire—he is unhurried, though sometimes crowded by words; Browning’s method, on the other hand, led him into such an abnormal activity and swiftness that grammar and rules of syntax were often set spinning—a noun expands to a sentence, the burden of a sentence is crammed into a single word, with merely a note of exclamation to suggest all that has been omitted; a line is curtailed, a verb discarded; inversions, particles dropped—nothing matters. The fourth stanza of “Rabbi Ben Ezra” will show one or two of his idiosyncrasies. Not until the reader “gets inside” the mood and style of the poet can Browning be appreciated and admired. The verse of Mr. Meredith exhibits little or none of this exasperating haste, but possesses in places a wealth of metaphorical embellishment which thwarts the student with much the same effect.

This superabundance of metaphor, allusion, and simile, while the very source of elasticity and liveliness in our author’s prose, shows to disadvantage in some of his poetical work through being cramped by the mould of form, and insufficiently controlled. Particularly is this the case in the longer poems. Let us take a few lines from “The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady”:

How shall a cause to Nature be appealed,  
When, under pressure of their common foe,  
Her sisters shun the Mother and disown,  
On pain of his intolerable crow  
Above the fiction, built for him, o’erthrown?  
Irrational he is, irrational  
Must they be, though not Reason’s light shall wane  
In them with ever Nature at close call,  
Behind the fiction torturing to sustain;  
Who hear her in the milk, and sometimes make  
A tongueless answer, shivered on a sigh:  
Whereat men dread their lofty structure’s quake  
Once more, and in their hosts for tocsin ply  
The crazy roar of peril, leonine  
For injured majesty.

And, again, from the same poem:

He learnt how much we gain who make no claims.  
A nightcap on his flicker of grey fire,  
Was thought of her sharp shudder in the flames,  
Confessing; and its conjured image dire,  
Of love, the torrent on the valley dashed;  
The whirlwind swathing tremulous peaks; young force  
Visioned to hold corrected and abashed  
Our senile emulous; which rolls its course  
Proud to the shattering end; with these few last  
Hot quintessential drops of bryony juice,  
Squeezed out in anguish: all of that once vast!

Here the stream of true poesy has ebbed, and left the rough boulders exposed to the cold light of day, boulders which seem to have been thrown down with Cyclopean fervour. To elicit the definite meaning of passages such as these, crushed and crowded with heterogeneous metaphors as they are, is a task to dampen the reader’s brow with unkindly dews; and if it be objected that they should not be torn from their context, we fear we must protest that the context accomplishes little in the way of explanation.

But for whatever faults may be, Mr. Meredith amply atones in his shorter lyrical poems, and in that magnificent group collectively entitled “Modern Love”—

the latter, often termed a sonnet-sequence, universally admitted to be his finest poetical achievement. Into the question as to whether these separated sixteen-line poems can be legitimately called sonnets, we do not propose to enter; some well qualified to judge allow the term, pleading for the spirit of the law rather than the letter. It seems to us that a sonnet is a sonnet, and there's an end of it, although we have often wondered if the total effect would not have been enhanced had the author adhered to the accepted form. However that may be, we can safely rank the complete work as worthy of a place among the great love-poems of modern times.

It is quite impossible to do justice to this in the space at our disposal, but to pass it over with a mere allusion would be equally impossible. The theme is explained by the opening verses:

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes:  
That, at his hand's light quiver by her head,  
The strange low sobs that shook their common bed  
Were called into her with a sharp surprise,  
And strangled mute, like little gaping snakes,  
Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay  
Stone-still, and the long darkness flowed away  
With muffled pulses. Then, as midnight makes  
Her giant heart of Memory and Tears  
Drink the pale drug of silence, and so beat  
Sleep's heavy measure, they from head to feet  
Were moveless, looking through their dead black years,  
By vain regret scrawled over the blank wall.  
Like sculptured effigies they might be seen  
Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword between;  
Each wishing for the sword that severs all.

The mind of the man, his musings and questionings as to his wife's unfaith, through which the little flame of hope constantly flickers only to fade, is revealed in passages of masterly insight:

. . . . Lord God, who mad'st the thing so fair,  
See that I am drawn to her even now!  
It cannot be such harm on her cool brow  
To put a kiss? Yet if I meet him there!

O bitter, barren woman! what's the name?  
The name, the name, the new name thou hast won? . . .  
Beneath the surface this, while by the fire  
They sat, she laughing at a quiet joke.

. . . . We are two reed-pipes, coarsely stopped;  
The God once filled them with his mellow breath;  
And they were music till he flung them down,  
Used, used!

. . . . Once, "Have you no fear?"  
He said: 'twas dusk; she in his grasp, none near.  
She laughed: "No, surely; am I not with you?"  
And uttering that soft starry "you," she leaned  
Her gentle body near him, looking up;  
And from her eyes, as from a poison-cup,  
He drank until the fluttering eyelids screened.

. . . . Oh, our human rose is fair  
Surpassingly! Lose calmly Love's great bliss,  
When the renewed for ever of a kiss  
Whirls life within the shower of loosened hair!

With a passion of longing the man recalls the old days of love's protestations and companionship:

In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour  
When in the firelight steadily aglow,  
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow  
Among the clicking coals. . . .

"Ah, yes!  
Love dies!" I said; I never thought it less.  
She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.  
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found  
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift  
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift—  
Now am I haunted by that taste! that sound!

"Thy mouth to mine?" he cries. "Never! though  
I die thirsting. Go thy ways":

A kiss is but a kiss now! and no wave  
Of a great flood that whirls me to the sea.

Only once in the poem does the lover definitely appear:

What two come here to mar this heavenly tune?  
A man is one; the woman bears my name,  
And honour. Their hands touch! Am I still tame?  
God, what a dancing spectre seems the moon!

The poignant opening lines of the forty-fourth stanza form perhaps the best known passage of this heart-tragedy:

They say, that Pity in Love's service dwells,  
A porter at the rosy temple's gate.  
I missed him going; but it is my fate  
To come before him now beside his wells;  
Whereby I know that I Love's temple leave,  
And that the purple doors have closed behind.

And then comes the end. Roaming, despairing, in a wood whither in the old happy times they had often strayed together, he finds her, "not alone," and leads her unresisting away. Some deep-seated, mysterious sympathy is still alive between them:

Love that had robbed us of immortal things,  
This little moment mercifully gave.

But it is too late. She leaves him for a while, and then:

He found her by the ocean's moaning verge,  
Nor any wicked change in her discerned;  
And she believed his old love had returned,  
Which was her exultation, and her scourge. . . .  
About the middle of the night her call  
Was heard, and he came wondering to the bed.  
"Now kiss me, dear! it may be, now!" she said.  
Lethe had passed those lips, and he knew all.

And the poet concludes with a summing-up of the mystery of love despoiled:

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:  
The union of this ever-diverse pair!  
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,  
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.  
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May  
They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers;  
But they fed not on the advancing hours;  
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.  
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,  
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.  
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul  
When hot for certainties in this our life!  
In tragic hints here see what evermore  
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,  
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,  
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

If this brief outline of a noble poem leads any reader to study it, to appreciate the loneliness, the pride striving not to be broken, the blind hope and the relentless memories, the terrible heartache, that seem to live in its very fibre, we shall not have written in vain.

From the vague prettiness and fruitless fancies of so much of the poetry of to-day we turn with relief to the strong unfaltering note which dominates the poems of Mr. Meredith. He sounds the deeps of life in them as he does in his prose. Nature to him seems almost a personality to be questioned and listened to and loved; the flutes of Pan are rarely out of earshot;



they sound for him innumerable sweet miraculous melodies for which he is impelled to write the harmony. The beauty and power of earth is ever appealing to him, finding expression again and again: "He must be good," says one of his peerless women, "who loves to lie and sleep beneath the branches of this tree!" "Let him be drenched, his heart will sing." And in those words we might not inaptly epitomise the general tone of the poems, interfered with here and there, perhaps, by notes which seem to introduce a discord; yet the dominant theme is that of defiance of evil, love of earth and earth's passions, faith that the mysteries of pain and death will some day disclose the immanent God. We shall take no harm if we share this defiance, this love, this faith. There be many worse creeds, not many better, than this of the great author and poet. His work is nearly done—the present month will see the eighty-first anniversary of his birth—but for him are the unspoken, grateful words, and the secret, affectionate thoughts, of a thousand who have never seen him, and whom he has never seen.

## REVIEWS

### PIUS ÆNEAS.

*Æneas Silvius (Enea Silvio de' Piccolomini—Pius II.). Orator, Man of Letters, Statesman, and Pope.* By WILLIAM BOULTING. (Constable and Co., 12s. 6d. net.)

THE familiar name of Æneas Silvius connotes little to a large number of even intellectual people, who have passed beyond the medium degrees of education. Yet he was highly distinguished on a conspicuous stage in all the parts enumerated in the descriptive title of this volume. To these it must be added that he was a wide and observant traveller, and a writer of private letters, at once more interesting, more charming, and more candid than any other before or since, who had so much experience of the public and private life of his own times.

By the year of his birth, 1405, his family, expelled from Siena with the other *gentilnomini*, had fallen into positive indigence. His career therefore depended on his own capacity. Since he was not inclined to Arms, the only courses open to an intellectual youth without influence were the Church and the Law. Law remained entirely repugnant to him throughout his life, and he did not enter the Church until some twenty years after the usual age. He attained the Papacy solely by his consummate diplomatic ability, rarely combined with a tolerant nature and good temper, aided by his attainments as a secular man of letters. His literary career began with poetry and private letters while he was still a student of profane literature at Siena, and continued uninterruptedly until just before his death. His diplomatic career began with his journey to Basle in 1432, the second year of the Council. Round the Council of Basle his activity centred during the following ten years, first as private secretary to various Italian prelates attending the Council, then as a professional orator at the service of any client, later as a conciliar official, and finally as secretary to the Anti-Pope, whom the Council elected, Felix V. It was early in this period that he visited many places in the north-west of Europe, notably the Court of James I. of Scotland, returning in disguise through many towns of England. From 1442 onwards he repeated at Vienna a similar course to the one which he had followed at Basle. Having accepted a secretaryship in the Imperial Chancery, he soon became valuable to the Emperor Frederick III. Towards the year 1444 two changes were taking place

in Æneas's life. Hitherto his private conduct had been such as has always been, and still is, common among other young laymen engaged in public affairs. He had consorted freely with women, and as a writer had not eschewed amorous subjects, while he maintained the reserve in such matters customary in his position. Though only about forty, he was already prematurely aged by the hardships of his long travels, and by an attack of the plague which had raged at Basle the year before.

By this time he had, as he says, "conquered that levity of mind which kept him among the laity." His sagacity led him to modify his political course also. The differences between Pope Eugenius IV. and the Council of Basle were not religious, much less theological; they were fundamentally questions of finance. Italian prelates devoted to the idea of the centralisation of power in the Holy See, but personally antagonistic to Eugenius IV., had attended the Council as long as its actions were compatible with the unity of the Church. On the election of a Conciliar Anti-Pope, even the Council's main lay supporters, the Emperor and the Kings of France and Aragon, refused to recognise him, and adopted a policy of neutrality. Their ecclesiastical ideal was Nationalism, and not Schism. By renouncing the service of Felix V. for that of Frederick III., Æneas had already passed from the Conciliar to the Neutral party. The Italian prelates, his early patrons, were constantly endeavouring to reconcile these Neutrals to the Holy See. In accordance with the present English custom, which is so much admired, Æneas and his friends did not allow divergence in political opinion to interrupt their friendly and even affectionate intercourse. His own experiences of the Council's violent futility, and of the German Neutrals' stupid quarrels, had decided him to reconcile himself with Eugenius, and to use his influence in Germany, and especially over the Emperor, to bring both the Neutrals and the Conciliar to the same mind. His keen political foresight also warned him of two dangers threatening European civilisation itself: the victories of the Turks, and the fanaticism of whichever of the Bohemian factions might succeed in exterminating the other. In 1445, therefore, when he went to Rome as Imperial Ambassador, he made his submission to the Pope. The following year he was ordained sub-deacon, and in 1447 was ordained priest and consecrated Bishop of Trieste. Two years later Eugenius's successor, Nicholas V., promoted him to the See of Siena. By the end of March, 1452, the schism of Basle had disappeared in the submission of Felix, the Neutrals had also been reconciled, and Frederick III. had been crowned Emperor in Rome. In May, Æneas was free to start as Papal Legate for Bohemia, where he gained valuable experience of the extravagant communism of the Taborites, and of the moral tyranny exercised by the Hussites. Four years later Calixtus V. raised him to the Cardinalate, and he was elected to the Papacy on the death of Calixtus in 1458. His cardinalate and his papacy were mainly devoted to organising a crusade against the Turks.

The chief grounds of attack on the character of Æneas are his private life and his writings before ordination, his desertion of the Conciliar and Neutral parties, and in particular his conduct of the Imperial Embassy of 1445. The attacks have been made mainly by German and English historians attached to the idea of tribal religion, or instinctively inclined to sympathise alike with Horah or the Shias on the common ground of Separatism. Mr. Boulting is far from agreeing with these critics. The human and humane character of Æneas attracts him, and he sketches his life with quite affectionate sympathy. But, like his predecessors, he loses his sense of perspective, even in defending him. He is not, like them, shocked at the

wisdom of the serpent, and oblivious of the craft of the elephant, but he allows himself to appear shocked, as they are evidently irritated, by Æneas's total disregard of make-believe. The English and German detractors make it quite plain that they could have pardoned crimes in him if he had but cloaked his delinquencies before his friends. With regard to his withdrawal from the Conciliar and Neutral parties, Mr. Boulting points out well that, though his changes of policy coincided with his own interests, he only made them when his associates had rendered co-operation impossible to a man of any foresight, and he was careful to procure them the best possible terms. Felix V. was allowed to retain his Cardinalate with rank inferior only to the Pope, and his partisans were similarly treated, according to their grades. Frederick III. achieved his coronation in Rome and a desirable marriage, and showed himself content by frequently employing Æneas after he had left his service.

The matter of the Imperial Embassy requires more detailed notice. The Diet had communicated to the Imperial Council, under an oath of secrecy, a certain resolution which was to be kept from the knowledge of the Pope. Æneas was not present at the Council, and the dignity of the Emperor, who was present, precluded the oath being offered to him. He communicated the secret to Æneas, who headed the separate Imperial Embassy which accompanied the Diet's. Knowing the obstinacy of Eugenius, Æneas diplomatically conveyed the Diet's secret to him, as the only means of extorting from him the reconciliation which all desired. He at most preferred the interests which he represented officially to the Diet's, to which he owed no allegiance. Perspective is lost in considering this question when it is judged by modern standards, however fictitious, without being converted into modern terms. We have to consider whether English gentlemen are justified in misrepresenting departmental reports, in the interest of their political party, while the continued receipt of their official salaries depends on the continuance of their party in power, or whether, as ambassadors, they are justified in misleading the foreign Governments to which they are accredited. Æneas's success and the British Empire are founded on methods exactly similar in kind. His advice that where evil courses are alone possible the less evil should be chosen, and his remark that "right action almost always carries a wrong with it," have still much justification in politics. It must be remembered that Æneas was contemporaneous with the burning of Joan of Arc, with the Wars of the Roses, with Louis II., with the betrayal of Huss, and with the massacre of the Adamites. It was the conscientious Bedford who burnt the woman whom he could not vanquish in arms; the simple German, Sigismund, who betrayed Huss, and the nationalistic Council of Constance that burnt him; it was also the moral Hussites, champions of religious liberty, who massacred the Adamites, just as later Calvin burnt Servetus. Against the wily, immoral Italian, Æneas, no single instance of severity even, nor sign of avarice, can be brought throughout his life, nor are any acts or words unbecoming an ecclesiastic alleged against him after his ordination as sub-deacon. The idea of religious liberty was scarcely yet on the horizon; such as there was resided in Æneas and in the Italian prelates in accord with him. The safe attendance of the Hussites at the Council of Basle was due to the Papalist, Cardinal Cesarini, and it was the frivolous Æneas who, when he was Pius II., protected the natural rights of Jews by forbidding the baptism of their children before they reached the age of reason.

Where Mr. Boulting shows least sense of perspective is in questions of private morality and of good taste. He seems to regard Æneas's letter to his father,

requesting protection for his illegitimate child, as monumentally audacious. Æneas, rather, was too humane to desert a child whom he could not support, and too confiding in his friends to simulate to them a standard of morality by which, while still a young layman, he was indisposed to live. Mr. Boulting also thinks that the naïve delight of Pius II. in display is rather "vulgar." He forgets that every age and State has its proper æsthetic expression. The splendour of Pius II. was no more vulgar than the bright colours of an Egyptian mummy-case, than Solomon's ivory, apes, and peacocks, or than the moderate ornament admitted by modern Puritanism. Vulgarly depends on subtle questions of taste, and lies in a peculiar defect of the sense of proportion. Vulgarly existed in Italy no doubt in the Middle Ages, for the satirists ridicule it, but not in the pageantries of Pius II., as Pinturicchio's frescoes bear witness. In Pius the delight in splendour was another sign of that æsthetic perception which also found expression in his love of nature, on which Mr. Boulting dwells so pleasantly. The gorgeous street processions added joy to the lives of the poor townsmen, just as the unexpected masques did to those of the peasants, who assisted in them to please the kindly Pope. In personal luxury he was sparing, for the household expenses of no Pope, even the most ascetic, were so low.

Mr. Boulting deserves congratulation on the chastening of his own style observable since the publication of his former book. A little more would not detract from the agreeable qualities of his writing, and a good deal more care in arrangement would greatly improve his biographical sketches. Since it is the development of character with which the biographer deals, letters should be quoted at the period at which they were written. However, his sympathetic account of his hero should do much in a popular way to attract study to the life of the most human and modern of mediæval statesmen.

## PRO ECCLESIA

*Church Principles for Christians.* By JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B. (Skeffington and Son, 2s.)

In these days when the national endowment of "undenominationalism" is being clamorously demanded by a considerable section of the British public, and when many of the official leaders of the English Church are coquetting with Dissent, this book will serve as a timely reminder of the principles for which Anglicanism really stands, and the truths which it is sworn to guard.

Canon Hammond does not mince his words. Courteous and urbane as he invariably is, he is yet entirely free from that flabby and invertebrate amiability which is the bane of present-day religious controversy, and which has done more than anything else to hinder any effective movement in the direction of religious unity. To minimise, or pretend to ignore, vital differences is, after all, but to forfeit one's self-respect and to incur at the same time the merited contempt of opponents. So that it is just as well that we should know precisely where we stand, and what are the real points of issue between ourselves and our antagonists.

Certainly Canon Hammond cannot be accused of any ambiguity in this matter. He proclaims boldly that Dissenters are "schismatics," and that to wilfully separate from the Church is to be guilty of mortal sin. Nothing could be plainer than this, and, on the whole, nothing could be more satisfactory. For it raises a perfectly definite issue in perfectly plain terms. Nor is Canon Hammond unaware of the objections which can be, and are, urged against this point of view. The



many corruptions of the Church are frequently put forward by Nonconformists as a legitimate ground for separation. These corruptions are admitted—it would be, indeed, the height of folly to deny them—yet it is shown that the Church, in its later developments, can hardly have been as corrupt as when Christ joined it. Primitive Christianity, to which we are adjured to return—discarding the accretions and perversions of a later time—was notorious for its gross and open immorality. Again and again in the Pauline epistles we are reminded of the envyings and dissimulations which had already sprung up in the infant community. The very Eucharist itself was made the occasion of degrading vices, while fornication and incest are freely mentioned as characteristic of many of the early Christians. The truth is that the Church, so far as it is a human institution, must necessarily be subject to the limitations of humanity. Or, as Canon Hammond puts it, with admirable lucidity and directness: "The Church of God always is, and in the nature of things must be, more or less corrupt."

It may be admitted, however, that the Separatist argument would have something to recommend it if it could be proved that those bodies which have abandoned traditional Christianity could show a cleaner record, since "a tree is known by its fruits." This is not so, however. We are tempted to say, on the contrary, that the precise opposite is the case. The melancholy history of Puritanism, with its witch-burnings, Quaker-huntings, and legalised profanities, affords sufficient proof that Dissent, whatever may be said in its favour, can claim no immunity from human error or imperfection. And, while we have no wish to plume ourselves on our superiority in the matter of taste or reverence, we may venture to doubt whether such an incident as that recorded below could ever have taken place in an Anglican church:

The *British Weekly* naively informs us of "a pleasant but rather a startling incident" which took place at a meeting of the Progressives in Tolmer's Square Congregational Church—viz., the singing of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow"—this was for Lord Rosebery—to the accompaniment of the church organ.

We need not labour the point, however. Churchmen and Nonconformists alike have small reason for self-gratulation on many matters. But impeccability is not one of the marks of the Church; unity is. The prayer of its Founder for His disciples was "that they all might be one." He spoke of "My Church," never of "My Churches," and the responsibility for the unspeakable mischief which has been wrought by our unhappy divisions rests entirely with those who, through pride or ignorance, have broken away from the parent fold.

Canon Hammond is less happy in his concluding chapter, which deals with the attitude of the Anglican Church to the Roman claim. We are surprised to encounter such a sentence as the following:

For the Pope's claim, be it remembered, challenges and impugns the use of one faculty at least which the Creator has given to us, and given for our guidance; given to be a light to our feet and a lamp to our path, namely, our private judgment, our reason.

But surely it is the exercise of this very faculty of "private judgment" that has been responsible for all the errors of Protestantism. If I am to reject Papal Infallibility, using my "private judgment" in the matter, it is equally open to Dr. Horton or the Bishop of Hereford to reject, on similar grounds, the Catholic dogma of Apostolical Succession. The argument, indeed, appears to vitiate everything for which Canon Hammond has been contending. If there is in the world a revealed body of Truth, which has been entrusted to the Church, then, in matters of faith, I am

precluded from the exercise of any "private judgment." If not, the whole case for Protestantism has been triumphantly established. For, though Canon Hammond may believe that the spirit of sectarianism is opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, it is quite conceivable that "Dr." Clifford may think otherwise. Nor is it of the slightest assistance to appeal to the letter of Scripture, since the Bible is notoriously capable of a variety of discordant interpretations. As Canon Hammond himself points out in an earlier chapter, the Church preceded the Bible both in point of time and of authority, and it is, therefore, to the Church, and to the Church alone, that we must look for guidance.

With this reservation, however—and it is one of considerable magnitude—we can heartily commend Canon Hammond's little book. It is written in a simple and popular style, and should be read by all who are interested in the present development of religious controversy.

## LORD HALIBURTON

*Lord Haliburton: A Memoir of His Public Service.*  
By J. B. ATLAY. (Smith, Elder and Co., 8s. 6d. net.)

ARTHUR LAWRENCE HALIBURTON was born at Windsor in Nova Scotia on December 26th, 1832. He was the son of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, better known as "Sam Slick," named by Artemus Ward "the inventor of American humour." He claimed to have descended from a famous Border family, the Haliburtons of Merton and Newmains. Arthur Haliburton was educated at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, which had originated in New York, but had migrated at the great disruption in 1775 to Nova Scotia, and had retained the Tory and classical traditions of Oxford. It had sent out into the world two distinguished soldiers of an earlier generation, Sir John Eardley Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, and Sir William Fenwick Williams, the defender of Kars. In 1899 the University conferred upon Lord Haliburton the degree of D.C.L.

His original vocation was for the law, and he was called to the Nova Scotian Bar in 1855. But the outbreak of the Crimean War turned his attention into a different channel. He was unable to purchase a commission in the line, but an opening was found for him, and in that year he received a commission in the newly-recreated Commissariat Department, and the close connection with the Army which lasted for the rest of his life was formed. It can hardly be credited now that a few years before the Crimean War broke out an eminent military authority had declared to a Parliamentary Committee that a commissariat department was a useless extravagance, because "no training in time of peace will fit a commissary for his duties in time of war." But this was said by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, then Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, who (in Mr. Atlay's words) "as Lord Raglan, was destined within four years' time to see a British Army rotting in the Crimean winter for the very want of that peace-trained staff, the utility of which he had decried." It was as one of the untrained recruits in a newly-formed department, with all the difficulties of a great campaign on their hands, that Haliburton began his very strenuous career. After some colonial service in 1860 he was brought to the central office of the Commissariat Department, and his assiduity and administrative capacity attracted the attention of Sir William Tyrone Power, the Commissary General-in-Chief (a veteran who still survives at the age of eighty-nine), and so his connection with Army Headquarters began, which only terminated on his retirement in 1897, having held the high appointment of Permanent Under-Secretary for War for nearly three years.

Such a career is an unequalled record of the history of the War Office and of Army control up to the present day. Mr. Atlay tells us what, however, was very generally known before, how exceptionally Lord Haliburton earned and held the confidence of the greatest of our military administrators and soldiers. The question with which his name will be for ever connected and revered is his steadfast defence of the system of short service instituted by Lord Cardwell. It has been bitterly attacked by the "drill-ground" school of officer at all times since its most beneficent institution. It was for Haliburton, before Government Commissions, in the Press, and in many able pamphlets, to champion the only system which can give a country an army with a real reserve and with any power of expansion without an absolutely ruinous cost—and probably at no cost could an army of even the minimum strength which is wanted for the defence of the British Empire be efficiently recruited on a long-service principle. The letters from Lord Wolseley to Haliburton alone are enough evidence to prove the value of his championship of this and other great questions of Army reform and Army life—for there are few soldiers now who will deny that Lord Wolseley has been the greatest of our Army Chiefs since the middle of the nineteenth century. A greater organiser than a great leader—a greater leader than the General whom we count as our greatest military administrator—Lord Haliburton was savagely attacked in the columns of the *Times* and waged a protracted duel with Mr. Arnold Forster before the latter took office as Secretary of State for War. That he was at issue with Mr. Arnold Forster on most important points of military policy will not dim his memory in the minds of most soldiers, and the letters published from statesmen of such divergent views as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Lansdowne (two of his Chiefs at the War Office), and of Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Lord Cromer, are sufficient evidence to the value of Lord Haliburton's services to the Army and to the State. His death on April 21st, 1907, was a great loss to both.

We wish, though, that Mr. Atlay would have told us a little of the private life of that genial, strong and well-bred-looking gentleman, whose portrait forms the frontispiece.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Old London.* By WALTER L. McNAY. (De la More Press, 3s. 6d.)

OUR descendants, it is clear, will have no cause to complain that we left the first city in the world unhonoured and unsung, for of the making of books about London there is no end. The subject is, of course, practically inexhaustible, and to do these tireless compilers justice, their work is never uninteresting—it would be difficult to write a dull book about such a city. They are protected by the greatness of their theme. From whatever point of view the student considers it—that of architecture, history, social life, business customs, traffic—he is well repaid, and learns, the more he reads, that to pursue even one of the labyrinths of research to its origin in past centuries is the task of a lifetime.

Mr. McNay has chosen well in electing to present in book-form these pictures of vanished London; he gives just sufficient letterpress opposite each to supply the connecting thread of history. The plates, apparently reproduced by photography in the half-tone process, from old engravings, etchings, and a few old prints, are of remarkable clearness, and succeed admirably in preserving the quaint appeal so characteristic

of the eighteenth century artist—an appeal which is in part due to the tremendous attention then given to form and detail rather than, as nowadays, to quality, tone, and general effect. The anxiety of the artist of to-day is to import into his pictures some significance, some portion of his own personality, so that we shall see as he sees, not necessarily as the thing represented actually is; and often to secure this impression he, consciously or unconsciously, sacrifices accuracy. In these illustrations we have the thing seen simply, unadorned by "feeling," and, if we except the occasionally exaggerated perspective, the result is perfectly satisfactory from the standpoint of those who wish to know precisely what these old buildings—theatres, churches, bridges, etc.—looked like in years gone by.

We need select but a few of the plates for special mention when all are of such uniform interest. The first, a view of the City as it was in 1770 exhibits well the astonishing number of church-spires that clustered round St. Paul's Cathedral, and emphasises our debt to Wren's magnificent capacity for seeing "sermons in stones." Old London Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, the Marshalsea Prison, immortalised in "Little Dorrit," East India House, Temple Bar, and some ancient, ornamented houses which stood at the Fleet Street corner of Chancery Lane, are among the best features of the book; and the Regent Street Quadrant, designed by Nash, will appeal particularly to many in view of the sharp contrasts which that quarter of the city is showing at the present moment.

The reader will find the text concise and reliable in its information, with a copious index which adds considerably to the value of the book. While London is changing so rapidly under our eyes, it is well to be reminded that doubtless we only echo the complaints of our forefathers, who, when these antiquities were pulled down, sometimes grumbled that the city was being spoiled. The day for her spoiling, however, is not yet; as long as the Strand leads "from London to Westminster," and the Thames ebbs and flows like the systole and diastole of her mighty heart, London will be all that she ever was to those who love her.

*The Love that Kills.* By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN. (John Milne, 6s.)

WHEN we read in the first chapter of this romance that Lady Queste "flung out her arms, and went hastily to the bureau on to which she had dropped the withered red rose, and, snatching it up, pressed her lips to it with a strangled sob," we felt that we were on familiar ground, especially as she had just smiled icily, made a curious gasping noise and spoken to her husband with concentrated calm. We have met that strangled sob before. Consequently the fact that one of the ladies concerned possesses an "oval face of creamy pallor" disconcerted us not a whit; when Lord Queste, the "strong, powerful man," was "shaken with emotion," we remained unmoved; and when a few minutes later he was discovered sitting "stiffly upright, as if he were staring into vacancy," we could have wagered that when his hand was taken it would "fall back limply," and were confident that Scotland Yard was in for a high old time. For Lord Queste was a Prime Minister, and had a Past, with a capital P, so that his lady, who was a minx in love with an Italian tenor, discovered . . . No, it would hardly be fair to tell all that she discovered; at any rate, we blaze our way cautiously through a forest of mysteries, and only find out "who did it" on the last page but one. Coincidences extraordinary and events the most improbable follow each other with amazing rapidity, and if there be one of our readers to whom the *feuilletons* of the halfpenny papers are of absorbing interest, we recommend him to obtain this book without delay.



*The Greater Love.* By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THIS story, told very delicately, and at times beautifully, elaborates a subject which writers of fiction rarely touch upon in any adequate manner—the passionate love of a woman for her girl-child. Other interests, other loves, which occur in the course of events, are subordinated to this fine theme, and the author has spent an amount of care on the exposition of the two principal characters which renders very real and charming the account of their devotion to one another. The lonely mother's renunciation in favour of the man who woos her daughter strikes a mournful note towards the end of the book, and the tendency of affairs in the direction of that climax necessitates the grave tones rather than the light, but here and there some short, inoffensively humorous passages secure the general impression from any danger of heaviness. Little Wilhelmina, who "with perfect politeness of manner had criticised the grand-maternal French accent" after the governess had gone, and John, who "carefully explained that contemporary research was undermining the character of Washington," are quite delightful children.

Mrs. Mangan had more than once retreated from this depressing dismemberment of heroes by modern babes and sucklings into the only narratives one could be sure of—such as the Siege of Troy and the exploits of King Arthur. If these gave way she could, *in extremis*, cling to Jack-the-Giant-Killer and Puss-in-Boots. She left the Higher Criticism to Wilhelmina and John.

These mischievous, up-to-date little ones make very brief appearances, and we should have enjoyed a longer acquaintance with them. The book, as a whole, will give our readers many thoughtful moments, and leave behind it the pleasantest of recollections.

*Julian Revelstone.* By JUSTIN McCARTHY. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

To the novel-reader whose tastes lie somewhat above the ordinary level, Mr. Justin McCarthy is a tried friend. His calm flow of mellifluous English, his gentle, inferential chidings of the people who do wrong, his evident affection for his heroines, render most of his books peculiarly attractive; we might almost term this particular one "restful," were it not that the word would carry suggestions of somnolence and possible boredom. No such hints, however, apply to the career of the pertinacious Julian Revelstone. He began by wooing the daughter of a titled Englishman, in the character of Theodore Duncan, paid secretary to an American millionaire; he continues his efforts to win her, undaunted by the repulses of her parents, meanwhile endearing himself to the village of Evorgale, the "castle" of which he has really purchased; he finishes by marrying the lady of his heart, and returns, having prepared his way by various letters and telegrams, disclosing himself, to the utter surprise of her parents, as not only the American millionaire *in propria personâ*, but Julian Revelstone, actual descendant of the castle's previous lords! The reader is in the secret all the time, and is therefore the better able to note the amusing situations, and appreciate the complete mystification of those chiefly concerned.

There exists one curious characteristic of this story, and that is an occasional feeling that the action is taking place on a stage. The dialogue is at times a little stilted, as a couple of brief paragraphs taken haphazard will illustrate:

"My dear son-in-law, I accept most thoroughly your appeal. Let the past be all forgotten. We now are of one family, and I can answer in that sense for Clarice's mother as well as for myself. In her name and in mine I give you both our blessing."

"I must send at once for my wife," said Sir Francis, who now regarded himself again as the master of the ceremonies; "she must be present with me at this, our welcome to the wedded pair."

"Let me go for her myself," Clarice said eagerly; "I want to be the first to bring the good news to her."

"You are quite right, Clarice," her father said; "you are indeed the fitting messenger. Go round and bring her here."

This almost mediæval style of talk in a thoroughly modern story seems to clash with the action unnecessarily. However, it is no very serious matter, and in no way mars the interest of a most original and delicate romance. The ending is in the good old-fashioned way, with marriage bells, reconciliations, and prosperity all round.

## A RUSTIC MEMOIR

OUR mid-Essex village life is the poorer by the death of one of our oldest people, a fine old labourer, full of rustic wisdom and quaint sayings, a mine of information on ancient village matters. Unspoilt by modern scrupulosity and political trickery, to him a spade was a spade, and even a louse a louse. Let an ambitious public house take, if it would, the sign of "The Butcher's Arms"; to him it was still "The Knife and Cleaver." The modern Isolation Hospital was still to him the Pest'us.

The old man was eighty-five, and had been bed-ridden for nearly three years and a half. He died painlessly of sheer senile failure. "There ain't nothin' the matter a me," was his usual reply to one's enquiry; "cep as I ain't got no stren'th in my legs." "Don't you bring me none o' them fancy things," I heard him say lately to his daughter; "gimme a bit o' bread and cheese and a oinon." Though his legs refused to support him, they were of use in one way. He maintained that by their aches he could always tell when rain was coming. I asked him once if he had foretold a recent rain. "Yes," he said, "my leg ached for a week more'n that ever did afore." I suggested that he might advertise it as a barometer. "Ah," he said, "count that wouldn't do it then."

He was full of old memories of the parish seventy and more years ago. The village workhouse (the building still stands, and is now a four-tenement cottage) "that was looked after by a woman." "The matron, I suppose," I said. "No, she warn't called that; 'twas a woman." In answer to a later question he referred to this lady as "What you called the pomatum." The inmates lived in a big room downstairs. "Sleepin'? I suppose there was chambers upstairs. I never was upstairs. Cookin'? There warn't much o' that; bread and cheese was all they had, and a basin o' broth once a week. There was room for twelve, and I rec'lect once seven young men in the same time. Work? There warn't none to do, 'ceppin' a job now and then in the garden. How were they admitted? Why, the overseers done all that and let 'em out."

Talking about the difficulty of travel and of getting provisions in those days, he would allow no grumbling at modern roads. "Why," he said, "I remember when Muster F— used to ride his donkey here from Tumborough, he could touch the quarters anywhere with his fit. What are the quarters? Why, the quarters o' the roads, alongside the rakes. The rakes? Why, the places where the wheels go; ruts you call 'em. Carriers? There warn't none, 'ceppin' J— used to go to Lunnon and come back Sad'days with things for the shop. Sometimes when he come late Sad'day night, they used to open the shop Sunday mornin' to store the things, till the parish stopped 'em." I could not get much explanation of this drastic discipline, but he added, "Why, if a man was drivin'

here Sad'day night, and didn't get here afore eight Sunday mornin', he dussn't come into the parish."

I made a remark one day on a recent flood. Mention of floods always brought out this story. "Floods! I rec'lect when Muster M—— sent me with some hogs to Aleford—I only got sixpence for the job—when I got to Fish's Green, I thought I never should a got through; the water was over the hoss's back, so's he had to swim. I'll never do it n'more." (He was eighty-five when he last told me this story.) "I thought I never should a got out, till I felt his fit a-scrappin' on the bottom. I'll never do it n'more. When I got to Aleford my tooth did ache. I went to the doctor to have it out. That never did come out. I had to stop him pullin'. That hu't me so." Talking of teeth, I told him once that I had had a visit from a man who wanted a will drawn and had told me some stories of the local doctor of sixty years ago, who once "drewed a tooth for him, and there was a wunnerful gret maggot in it." "Ah," said old M——, "that's right enough; I've sin 'em, and plenty; not gret uns, y'know, little tiddy-mites." "What do you think I used to do when my fit was cowed?" he said one day. "Cut 'em with a knife till the blood ran." On further questioning it was explained that this was "to let the chill blood out."

How did he learn to read? "Why, at Sunday-school in the chu'ch in the forenoon afore service. There was a master and mistress, William A—— and his wife, what lived down agin the public. The boys was under the gallery and the girls in the vestry. Were they paid? Yes, think they was; eight'npence a Sunday. What did they larn? Why, readin'; just their A B C and that."

The food he got as a child and long after was much the same as labourers' big families get now, but it lacked the few refinements which modern cheapness allows. "Bread mostly and 'taters, and toppin's dumplin's sometimes. Milk? Couldn't get none. Cheese? P'r'aps half a pound a week atween six. A scrap o' pork now and then." His early wages were, of course, the usual wage of the time: as a boy, a penny a day and a little food; his work "only arrants mostly," but he had to work all day for his penny; as a man, a shilling to eighteenpence a day.

His politics were simple. A Churchman, he held all Dissenters Liberals, and all Liberals Dissenters. "What, the Dissenters got in?" was his question at the last general election.

As may be supposed, he had many archaic and curious words. Reaped was rep, and beat and heated were bet and het; holly was hull; an unmarried lady was missus; freeze was frize, past tense friz. "That friz up in this room properly last night," he would say. "I remember one winter that was mild up to New Christmas, and then at Old Christmas that set in frizin' wunnerful." Of course, houses was housen. A picture was a gay. "Bring me my 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" he said one day; "I think I could read a bit." He was past reading for lack of sight, but the book was brought, a large quarto. "Why, some o' you've bin and tore out some of the gays," was his first remark. Nor was he satisfied though a full-page picture of Moses, after which he most hungered, was shown him. He was a regular churchgoer while he could go, and read his Bible devoutly till sight failed. Afterwards he delighted to hear it read, especially the last discourses of St. John's Gospel. For the Old Testament he had slight regard, except for the Psalms.

Such are a few memories of the old man, a type which I fear is passing away; and a sore loss it will be to our rustic community if it does pass—a brave, tough type, strong and healthy for all its early privations and a hard, trying life, and a good type, hearty, honest, friendly, courteous. A tough type, indeed. One day

last February, a sickly time hereabouts, I made a special round of visits to most of our oldest people. Of fifteen, whose ages ranged from seventy-nine to eighty-six, ten were out and about after their usual jobs or walks. One couple was eating with vigour and enjoyment a dinner of "pig's pluck." They die hard, but, alas they die! E. G.

## AWNING

THIS interesting word is first recorded by the N.E.D. for 1624, "Wee did hang an *awning* (which is an old saile) to . . ." (Captain John Smith), with two other quotations of about the same date, "A *trarpawling* (*sic*) or *yawning*" (1626), "An *awning* . . . is but the bots saile . . . brought over the yard and stay, and boumed out with the boat hooke" (1627). The word is probably somewhat older, as it is in Skinner (1671), but, as the earliest quotation is explanatory (*v.s.*), it is probably of foreign origin. The *-ing* is no doubt E. (N.E.D.). For the *awn-*, both the N.E.D. and Prof. Skeat are inclined to accept Wedgwood's conjecture, *F. auvent*, "a pent-house of cloth before a shop window" (Cotg.). *Auvent* is a corruption by folk etymology (*vent*) of Prov. *anvan*, a term of fortification, the origin of which is quite unknown. The derivation of *awn-ing* from *auvent* encounters phonetic difficulties, though, of course, much phonetic latitude may be allowed in the case of a nautical term. It seems to be rendered inadmissible by the fact that *auvent* is nowhere recorded as a nautical expression in any sense whatever. I venture to put forward another conjecture. It is very possible that *awning*, "velum, puta cannabinum, quod coeli vel umbellae instar, in calidis regionibus foris navis ad arcendum solem praetenditur" (Skinner, 1671), partly owes its form to *tarpauling*, "pannus cannabinus pice liquida illitus" (*ibid.*), and it may, like *tarpauling*, have been originally the name of a material. An *awning* is in Mod. *F. tente* (Jal), formerly also *tendelet* and *tende* (*v. Jal* and Lescallier). *Jal, s.v. tente*, gives the equivalent terms used in the European languages, including *awning*, none of which suggest any connection with *auvent*. He also mentions a kind of sailcloth called *cotonnine*, commonly used for awnings. Lescallier (1777) has *cotonnine double*, ". . . employed . . . for awnings of ships"; and *cotonnine à carreaux*, ". . . which . . . serves for awnings and curtains of boats." *Jal* quotes, from a work on ship-building (1622), a description of two kinds of awnings, viz., *tente de cotonnine*, "qui sert toute seule pour éviter l'ardeur du soleil ou le serein," and *tente d'herbage*, "qui est d'un gros et fort drap de couleur de bure pour défendre de la pluie, du froid et des autres injures de l'air." *V. also Lescallier, s.v. tente*. I do not propose to derive *awning* from *cotonnine* (via *cot-awning*!), but only to show that particular kinds of sailcloth were associated with awnings early in the seventeenth century and probably much further back. Brittany has furnished our language with the names of several textiles connected with special places, *e.g.*, *dowlas*, *lockram*, *poldavy* (for these *v. N.E.D.*), but the most famous Breton sailcloth, *olonne*, does not appear to be recorded in E., though it has passed into all the Romance languages. It is not in the D.G., but in Littré (*toile à voile*) and in most of the older dictionaries. *Jal, s.v. toile*, says "Autrefois la ville d'Olonne (departement de la Vendée) eut une manufacture de toiles qui eut assez de célébrité pour que, dans plusieurs pays, la toile à voile ait gardé le nom de cette ville." He gives (*ibid.*), as ordinary words for sailcloth, It. *alona*, Sp. *lona*, *lonella*, *lonilla*, *olona*, Port. *lona*. Thus *olonne*, as a loan-word, has suffered some corruption. Cotgrave has *olonne*, "canvas for the sayle of a ship (as in *aulonnes*) and sometimes also the sayle itselfe." For



*aulonnes* he gives the terrifying gloss "ouldernes, medrinacks, pouledavies," mercifully explained by "the canvas whereof sayles for ships are made." These words occur constantly together, in various forms, in the seventeenth and eighteenth century dictionaries (Blount, Phillips, Coles, Bailey, etc.), and *medrinacks* (origin obscure) and *pouledavies* (from a village in Brittany) are fully dealt with by the N.E.D. For *ouldernes* (*ouldernesse* in Sherwood, *oulderness* in Blount), I can find nothing. Is it also a place-name, e.g., *Audierne* in Brittany or *Holderness* in Yorkshire? To return to *aulonne*, this form, instead of *olonne*, may have been influenced by *aulne*, ell, which would constantly occur in connection with sailcloth, or it may have been mixed up with another *aulonne*, *aulomne*, which, according to Godefroy, is a woollen cloth named from *Alonne* in Beauce. I suggest, as a pure conjecture, that it is the origin of the *awn*-in *awning*, and that the latter is a sailor's corruption of an unrecorded *\*aulonning*.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A PHENOMENAL GENIUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I fear that Mr. Caleb Porter is like the gentleman of whom the poet sings:—

"'e don't know where 'e are,"

as his arguments so far as they have any meaning or relevancy tend to justify John Martin on the only two points on which I criticised him. That my views are not ordinary is my justification for sending them to THE ACADEMY; but that they are extraordinary in the sense of being unsound or peculiar to myself, I flatly deny, as they are those of every one who has any real knowledge of art. I appealed to artists and challenged their judgment. As for anachronisms, if Milton did not topple over the perilous line, neither did Martin.

As for my "perfidious" description of Martin's picture, that may safely be left to the judgment of the readers of THE ACADEMY; but I would point out to Mr. Porter that whatever his knowledge of "drunken evenings at the White City" he ought not to impute such knowledge to his opponent. To do so is a breach of good manners, for which I feel sure he will hasten to apologise.

I yield to no man in my admiration of Tintoretto when at his best, but he was manifestly overweighted in the "Last Judgment," and I calmly repeat that the general result is chaos. There are hundreds of splendidly painted figures, but all have equal emphasis, and unless one isolates the groups and sees them separately the result is bewildering. Martin in his "Last Judgment" represents thousands of figures, but they are ordered with such consummate artistry that the unity which is strength is achieved. This shows his wonderful mastery of composition which is at once the foundation and the last refinement of Art. In my last I said "I simply hate Dante's 'Inferno,' at the same time I recognise the greatness of the work." Mr. Porter translates this into, "We must . . . remember that Mr. Cook 'simply hates' great work." Throughout my crusade nothing has more clearly demonstrated the strength of my position than the fact that no opponent has yet ventured to state my position fairly and then attack it; they do as Mr. Porter does, present a gross travesty of it, and then attack that—it is easier. It is surely not necessary to point out to Mr. Porter that Dante's masterpiece consists of three parts, Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven; and while I delight in the two latter parts I am not at home in the former. Dante revels in the gruesome horrors of individual torture inflicted on the suffering sinners, these being portrayed with wondrous art. I admire the art, but hate the horrors. Is this beyond Mr. Porter's comprehension? I am proud to think that our great Englishmen, Milton and Martin, treated such subjects with a grandeur, a sublimity, that never descended to petty and horrible details. They also gave the pomp and pageantry of war, treating them with elemental grandeur, but they never gave gruesome and belittling incidents.

But high above all these matters in national interest is the treatment of Modern Art by our Press. The "New Criticism"

was one long libellous campaign of defamation of all our best art and artists, with a few odd exceptions. All Royal Societies were to be overthrown, and Academicians were to be hunted like rats out of their holes; everything that lifts art above craft was denounced as a "vice"; and all criteria were inverted in the interests of pretentious incompetence. It was under the editorship of a certain "Anarchist" that the most deadly stab was made at the critical conscience; he allowed his "critic," a member of a small exhibiting Society of artists of the decadent "Modernity" variety, to cynically throw over all pretence of critical fairness, and to boldly boom his own little Society and its friends in season and out, and to belittle and defame all the rest of our art. This little Society was lauded by another of the new critics for having gone "like rag-pickers, with basket on back and stick in hand, to pick up crumbs of art" from the garbage of Parisian studios! This anarchism brought general demoralisation; the dealers in decadents and dead men's works got undue influence on the Press, and were able to inspire critiques when they did not actually write them. Certain little Galleries were boomed as if they were the supreme centres of art; all their bantams were boomed as peacocks, and all their pigs as elephants! All the occult influences which cause artificial booms and slumps in stocks and shares are at work in the art world. The whole trend of these operations has been to depreciate all that is best in our art, in the interests of doubtful old masters and freaks about which a noise may be made. One result is seen in the mean and despicable reception given to the magnificent collection of modern art got together by the late Mr. McCulloch, forming the winter exhibition of the Academy. The vicious spirit animating the modernity critics is shown in the grudging praise, the sneers, the but half-veiled hostility to any efforts to assert the claims of sane modern art; and the taking the Academy to task for daring to do anything that does not play into the hands of dealers in decadents and old masters.

This Little Englandism is deplorable; the Press is virtually our chief ruler, and the power should bring a sense of responsibility. And while pecuniary considerations must dominate all others, they are surely compatible with patriotism, national interests, higher intelligence, and the British love of fair-play.

E. WAKE COOK.

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## THE CHRISTIAN APOSTLES AND FLESH EATING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you permit me to lodge a courteous protest concerning the assumption contained in your editorial note of January 30th, in which you use the following words:—

As for the sanction to kill animals, that question is settled once and for all in the New Testament. Our Lord and His disciples and apostles ate meat.

I would respectfully ask what evidence you have to justify these statements, for the matter is one of great importance to many Christian people who have become abstainers from flesh-food for humane reasons.

I have failed to find any positive evidence whatever that our Lord partook of flesh-meat on any occasion, whereas there is a large amount of assumptive evidence to the contrary, and also direct evidence to the effect that some of the twelve apostles were strict abstainers from it.

The Church historians, Eusebius, Clement of Alexandria, Hegesippus, and Augustine clearly record that Matthew, James the Apostle, and James the brother of Jesus were strict abstainers from flesh-food; and further, that there is ground for believing that Thomas was also a non-flesh eater. We have the personal confession of the Apostle Peter to the same effect, and it is hardly conceivable that the Master Himself came behind His own disciples in ethical perception and in the living of a pure and merciful life.

Many traditions exist that Jesus was the leader of the Essenian community, and there is corroborative evidence to justify this belief. If so, He would have looked upon flesh-eating with abhorrence.

The early Fathers, Tertullian, Basil, Clemens, Chrysostom, Jerome, Origen, and others declaimed against the carnivorous habit, and taught that a bloodless dietary was essential for, and characteristic of, a true follower of Christ.

In Homily 79, Chrysostom, speaking of the men who were fitting themselves for the Christian ministry, wrote as follows:—

"No streams of blood are among them; no butchering and cutting up of flesh; no dainty cookery; no heaviness of head. Nor are there horrible smells of flesh-meats among them, or disagreeable fumes from the kitchen. No tumult or disturbance and wearisome clamours, but bread and water.

... If, however, they may desire to feast more sumptuously, the sumptuousness consists in fruits, and their pleasure in these is greater than at royal tables."

It is also a fact that the early Christians were conspicuous on account of their humane diet, and thus emphasised how great was the humane influence of Him who said: "Go ye and learn what this meaneth. I desire mercy and not sacrifice"; and who was instrumental in abolishing the holocaust of victims offered up on Jewish altars.

Those who, like myself, recognise, and have experienced the advantages of a humane and fruitarian dietary, and who know what benefits the general adoption of such a system will bring to our race, feel that we can safely appeal to the teaching and example of Christ and his first disciples to justify our protest against the barbarism and inhumanity of our modern civilisation.

SIDNEY H. BEARD.  
President of the O.G.A.

Paignton, England.

## FIELD SPORTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your remarks on the above (30th ult.) seem to me to obscure the issue, especially when you cite our Lord and His disciples as eating meat.

The question is not whether animals may be killed for food, but whether they may be killed *for sport*. Taking life in any form for mere sport has always seemed to me brutalising and degrading. I care not that priests, parsons—some of the best of men and the salt of the earth—have indulged in it. It is entirely against the spirit and teaching of the New Testament. Certain animals *may* have been made for us to kill and eat—and then the killing should be as humane as possible, but to maintain that they were made for us to kill for amusement I utterly deny; and I cannot for a moment imagine that our Lord would countenance such a thing.

AVARY H. FORBES.  
Royal Institution, W., February 2nd.

[Our comments on these two letters will be found in "Life and Letters."—EDITOR.]

## THE NEW CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A new era of criticism has dawned. The halfpenny daily newspapers are our teachers and the establishers of new canons of criticism. Poetry is to be relegated to the limbo of obsolete and useless things. A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 25th says:—"Altogether, perhaps, one is tempted to be glad that probably never again will a genius like that of Burns be sacrificed to ballads and to songs. The people have their real power now. The age of the 'useful plan' has come at last. The poetry of to-day and of the future must be of deeds; not words. Has it not happened that a namesake—or possibly, as is whispered, an actual descendant!—of the ploughman poet himself has risen in these present years from a home just as lowly as Alloway Cottage to preside over a great Government Department? Doubtless a century and a half ago John, like Robbie, would have had to write ballads for a hearing."

Is it not pathetic? Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, had to be immolated on that altar of necessity. Now, the "whispered descendant" of Robbie "who presides over a great Government Department" needs not be sacrificed to

"Adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The "useful plan" (whatever that may be) it seems is outside the province of the poet. What fairy tales, then, were those old useless avowals of consecration! and how futile the willingness to be "a dedicated spirit"; to "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Furthermore the oracle:—"To tell the truth, there is a touch of tragedy in the fact of Robbie Burns having been a poet a all." Hence, the artful dissembling of "wild poetic rage," or of such a "ballad" as the "Vision" "for a hearing," in which he reports the counsels of his native muse.

"Some fire the soldier on to dare;  
Some rouse the patriot up to bare  
Corruption's heart;  
Some teach the bard, a darling care,  
The tuneful art.

"Then never murmur nor repine,  
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;  
And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,  
Nor kings' regard,  
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,  
A rustic Bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,  
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;  
Preserve the dignity of man  
With soul erect;  
And trust, the Universal Plan  
Will all protect."

E. K.

## THE KING'S ENGLISH—AND OTHER THINGS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I take a good many weekly papers, some of them costing double the price of THE ACADEMY, but I can truthfully say that not from one of them do I get as much pleasure and entertainment as from the lively, original, piquant pages of THE ACADEMY under its present editorship. Sometimes it seems to me to be mistaken, sometimes fantastic in its ideas, sometimes even unjust, but its wit, its humour, its abounding vitality, its sound and powerful literary judgment (take, for example, the fine estimate of G. Meredith in this week's number), land it week after week well in advance of its most gifted contemporaries.

The very sight of the unopened number lying on my table on Saturday mornings fills me with pleasurable anticipations, for I feel that I am going to be intellectually stimulated and made to think. No paper known to me shoots folly as it flies with the same deadly, unerring aim.

But I did not set out to write an *éloge*, though I have been led into something approaching it, merely out of gratitude for the boon of such a delightful weekly feast of literature. My real object in writing was a little fault-finding, so may I ask, with due regard to the graces of the present management, if it may not be within the bounds of possibility, that even in pre-reformation days, THE ACADEMY may have been occasionally sound in its criticism?



I well remember reading the review of "The King's English" in 1906, and moved by what it said, I bought the book, and never in my life have I invested 5s. that brought me in a better return. It has been a well-spring of delight to me ever since. I don't suppose its authors claim infallibility for it, but it is an eminently thought-provoking book, and for the ordinary amateur dabbler in literature its reading is little short of a liberal education.

W. M. COOPER.

Broadfield, Boston, Lincolnshire.

Feb. 1st, 1909.

#### THE POETRY OF OSCAR WILDE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I trespass on your space to correct what may be a misleading impression created by the writer of the article on the "Poetry of Oscar Wilde," which appeared in THE ACADEMY of January 23rd?

I am one of the many, sir, who agree with the writer of the article in question in thinking that "The Picture of Dorian Gray" to be one of Wilde's very finest works. I hold no brief for Messrs. Methuen, who did not include the volume in their edition of 1908; still less do I hold one for the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, upon whose advice, as I understand, the volume was omitted, and who must now, surely, be branded as a meddlesome literary critic of the worst type; but I think it a pity that the readers of the article referred to should suppose that by purchasing Messrs. Methuen's edition they are not able to obtain a uniform edition of all of Wilde's works.

Mr. Charles Carrington, publisher and bookseller, of 15 Faubourg Montmartre, Paris, in 1908, allowed an edition of "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—of which, I understand, he is the owner—to "appear as a volume in the uniform edition of Oscar Wilde's authentic works" (Messrs. Methuen's edition of 1908)—"an edition which would otherwise have been incomplete." I quote Mr. Robert Ross, who writes an editorial note to the book. The edition of this volume, I may say, is like the set to which it belongs, limited to 1,000 copies, and may be obtained either from the publisher direct, or through any high-class bookseller, at a cost of 12s. 6d.

I feel that the gratitude of the book-loving public is due to Mr. Carrington for allowing the issue of this book uniformly with Messrs. Methuen's edition.

BASIL HALLWARD.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### EDUCATIONAL

*Bell's Literature Readers.*

*Parables from Nature.* Mrs. Gatty. George Bell, 1s.

*The Water Babies.* Charles Kingsley. George Bell, 1s.

*Six to Sixteen.* Mrs. Ewing. George Bell, 1s.

##### FICTION

*Bruised Lilies.* Lucas Cleeve. White, 6s.

*Tono-Bungay.* H. C. Wells. Macmillan, 6s.

*The Devil and the Crusader.* Alice and Claude Askew. White, 1s.

*The Silent Ones.* Mary Gaunt and J. Ridgwell Essex. Laurie, 6s.

*Confessions of Cleodora.* Carlton Dawe. Long, 1s. net.

*The Buckjumper.* Nat Gould. Long, 2s.

*With Powder Puff and Dagger.* May Isabel Fisk. Sisley, 6s.

*Araminta.* J. C. Snaith. Smith, Elder, 6s.

*The Fault.* C. T. Podmore. Long, 6s.

*Links in the Chain.* Headon Hill. Long, 6s.

*The Last of the Mohicans.* J. Fenimore Cooper. George Bell, 1s.

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